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ΣΟΦΙ—

—AN EN ΜΥΧΟΙΣΙ ΠΕΡΙΔΩΝ.

PIND. PYTH. 6.

BY THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE curious remains of the most remote Northern antiquity are taken from *Bartholinus*, and imitated from the originals, *in the manner* which Mr. GRAY conceived most adapted to transfuse the wild spirit of those incomparable Norse Odes, *The Descent of Odin*, and *The Fatal Sisters*, into the English language.

The literal Latin translation of the two first Odes is subjoined for the satisfaction of those who may not be in possession of the book from which they are taken; and the literal prose English translation of *The Dialogue at the Tomb of Argantyr*, is printed from Dr. Hickes's *Thesaurus Septentrionalis*.

SONNET.

PARDON me, MIGHTY POET, that I turn
My daring steps to thy supreme abode,
And tread with awe the solitary road,
To deck with fancied wreaths thy hallow'd urn.

Yet, as I wander thro' this dark sojourn,
Think not I mean with low-engender'd praise
Thy name to fully, or profane thy lays;
I have no *thoughts that breathe*, no *words that burn*.

But hark, what voice in heav'nly accents clear
Bursts from yon cloud, that glows with
temp'rate fire?

“ Cease, cease fond youth, to drop the fruit-
less tear,

“ Mute tho' the raptures of his full-strung
lyre:

“ E'en his own *warblings*, *lessen'd on his ear*,

“ Lost in seraphic harmony expire.”

R U N I C O D E S.

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O D E I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS; O R, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD*.

The Twilight of the Gods, in the Northern Mythology, is that Period when Lok, the Evil Being, shall break his Confinement; the Human Race, the Stars, and the Sun, shall disappear; the Earth sink in the Seas, and Fire consume the Skies: even Odin himself, and all his kindred Gods, shall perish †.

The following ODE contains a Description of the Events which, according to this dark Mythology, will precede the Destruction of the World.

FROM the chambers of the East,
In robes of terror grimly drest,

* See Bartholinus *de Causis contemptæ mortis apud Danos. Lib. 2. C. 14.*

† For a farther Account of this wild and curious System of Mythology, see Mr. Mallet's Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc, or rather the Translation of it, entitled, *Northern Antiquities*, in two Volumes 8vo.

Ymir

Ymir* hath his course begun,
 Rival of th' unwearied Sun.
 Now, in many a glist'ring wreath,
 Above, around, and underneath,
 The serpent dread † of dateless birth,
 Girds the devoted globe of earth;
 And, as charm'd by pow'rful spell,
 Ocean heaves with furious swell.
 The plumed Monarch whets his beak,
 Seeking where his wrath to wreak;
 Till on the plain, with corsees strew'd,
 He fates his maw with bleeding food:
 While the Vessel's || floating pride
 Stems duration's rounding tide.

Trace again the solemn rhyme;
 From Orient's ever-teeming clime
 I see them come, § an evil race,
 Bold in heart, and stern in face;

* From Ymir were descended all the families of the
 giants. EDDA.

† In the Edda, a serpent is supposed to surround the
 earth.

|| In the poetry of the North, the earth is stiled, "The
 vessel that floats on ages." I have made use of this
 paraphrase for the *Nagel fara*, or ship of the gods here
 mentioned.

§ The Muspellis, a sort of Genii.

In turbulent array they sweep,
 Beneath them groans the burthen'd deep ;
 Fierce they rush, yet all obey
 Monarch Lok's resistless sway.
 Gaunt and wild with savage howl,
 Mark the wolfish Fenris prowl ;
 With him stalks a furious train,
 Panting for th' ensanguin'd plain :
 Is Beliep's brother left behind ?
 No : he flies on wings of wind.

Know'st thou what is done above ?
 No more in halls of joy and love,
 The favour'd guests, profuse ~~the~~^{of} soul,
 Drain the skull or nectar'd bowl :
 What Genii shake that nodding frame ?
 These are deeds without a name.
 Struck with elemental jar,
 Gods themselves come forth to war :
 From the many-mansion'd dome
 Giant tenants loosen'd roam,
 And around each rock-hewn cell,
 With heaving groan or fearful yell,
 Declare what uncontrolled pow'r
 Presiding rules the mortal hour :
 These no acts of joy and love—
 Know'st thou now what's done above ?

B

From

From the regions of the South
 Surtur * bursts with fiery mouth ;
 High o'er yonder black'ning shade
 Gleams the hallow'd sun-bright blade,
 Which in star-bespangled field
 Warrior Gods encount'ring wield.
 From Vengeance' red celestial store
 Ministers of ruin pour ;
 Caverns yawning, mountains rending :
 Conscious of the fate impending,
 Ydrafil's prophetic ash
 Nods to the air with sudden crash :
 Monstrous female forms advance,
 Stride the steed, and couch the lance ;
 Armed heroes throng the plain,
 Harbingers of Hela's † reign ;
 And see, from either verge of Heav'n,
 That concave vast asunder riv'n.

Why does beauteous Lina weep ?
 Whence those lorn notes in accent deep ?
 For battle Odin 'gins prepare ;
 Aloft in distant realms of air,
 Mark the murd'rous monster § stalk,
 In printless majesty of walk.

* The Prince of the Genii of Fire.

† The Goddess of Death.

§ The wolf Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

Odin

Odin kens his well-known tread ;
 The fatal fisters clip the thread :
 To the mansion cold he creeps—
 In vain the beauteous Lina weeps.

Glowing with paternal fire,
 Generous rage and fierce desire,
 See Odin's offspring, Vidar bold,
 His sanguine course unfault'ring hold.
 Nought he fears the wolfish grin,
 Tho' slaughter's minions round him din ;
 In vain 'gainst him in fell accord
 Giant forms uplift the sword ;
 He locks his foe in iron sleep,
 And stamps the filial vengeance deep.

Think not yet the measure full,
 Or the blade with carnage dull ;
 Lodina's glory, heart and hand,
 Joins the fight and takes his stand.
 Lo ! in many a horrid turn,
 Crest that glistens, eyes that burn,
 The lordly serpent rolls along,
 Nor fears the brave, nor heeds the strong :
 But hark, 'twas Fate in thunder spoke ;
 Vidar deals the forceful stroke,

Lays the death-doom'd monster low,
And triumphs o'er his burnish'd foe.

From the cavern deep and dank,
Bonds that burst, and chains that clank,
Proclaim the griesly form canine
Loosen'd from his long confine :
Garmar * foams with rage and shame ;
Garmar, to gods no fearless name.

Signs abroad portentous low'r ;
'Tis Desolation's fatal hour :
Fiery shapes the æther wing ;
Surtur calls, they know their King.
Dark encircling clouds absorb
The lustre of light's central orb ;
Conscious stars no more dispense
Their gently beaming influence ;
But bursting from their shaken sphere,
Unsubstantial disappear.
No more this penfile mundane ball
Rolls thro' the wide aerial hall ;
Ingulphed sinks the vast machine.
Who shall say, the things have been !

* Immediately previous to the destruction of the world,
the Edda supposes that the Stygian Dog, named Gar-
mar, will be unbound.

ODE

O D E II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

A N D

FUTURE RETRIBUTION*.

The Gods (or Dæmones) meet on the Top of Mount Inda, and sing the following prophetic Song of Triumph.

NOW the Spirit's plastic might,
Brooding o'er the formless deep,
O'er the dusk abyss of night,
Bids Creation cease to sleep.

Instant from the riven main
Starts the renovated earth;
Pine-clad mountain, shaded plain;
See, 'tis Nature's second birth.

Gods on Inda spread the board;
Such was the supreme decree:
Swell the strains in full accord,
Strains of holiest harmony.

* See Bartholinus, *ut sup.*

“ Pour

“ Pour the sparkling beverage high ;
“ Be the song with horror fraught :
“ Lab’ring † earth, and ruin’d sky,
“ Fix the soul in solemn thought.

“ Odin next inspire the verse,
“ Gor’d by the relentless fang † ;
“ Æther felt the conflict fierce,
“ Dying groan and parting pang.

“ Where is now his vaunted might ?
“ Where the terror of his eye ?
“ Fled for aye from scenes of light :
“ Pour the sparkling beverage high.

“ Lo ! they fleet in radiant round,
“ Years of plenty, years of joy :
“ Sorrow’s place no more is found,
“ Cares that vex, or sweets that cloy.

“ From the kindly teeming soil,
“ Ripen’d harvests wave unsown ;
“ Wherefore need the peasant’s toil ?
“ Nature works, and works alone.

† Alluding to the preceding Ode.

† Ferris, by whom Odin was slain.

“ Ask

“ Ask you whose the scepter'd sway ?

“ 'Tis to lordly Balder giv'n :

“ Mark him there in bright array,

“ Stalking thro' the halls of heav'n.

“ Hoder holds united reign ;

“ Latest times their strength shall prove ;

“ Monarchs of the bleak domain*.

“ Know'st thou now what's done above ?

“ Is it blest delusion's hour ?

“ Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance ?

“ Beams of glory round me show'r ;

“ Troops of radiant forms advance.

“ Founded on that firm-set rock,

“ Rising view the dome of gold †,

“ Fix'd secure from wintry shock :

“ There the good, and there the bold.

“ High in tracts of troubled air

“ Justice waves her awful sword :

“ Vice appall'd, with hideous stare,

“ Shrinks ere spoke the dooming word.

* *Amplum ventosum mundum.* Barthol.

† *Gimli*, the Palace of the Blest ; called otherwise *Vingolf*, the Palace of Friendship.

“ Con-

“ Conscience comes, a tort’ring fiend,
“ Bids his minions round him roll ;
“ Fell Remorse, the breast to rend,
“ Agony, to storm the soul.

“ In Nastronda’s northern * plain,
“ Hark, th’ envenom’d portals ope :
“ Respite there is none of Pain,
“ Comfort none, or chearing Hope.

“ Dog-ey’d Lust, Adult’ry foul,
“ Murder red with many a stain,
“ At the fatal entrance scowl,
“ Bound in adamantine chain.

“ Mark the house ; if right we deem,
“ ’Tis of scales serpentine built ;
“ Round it brawls a turbid stream :
“ Mortal, such th’ abode of Guilt.

“ Know’st thou now what’s done above ?
“ Know’st thou now the deeds of Night ?”
They spoke : the feast of joy and love
Glow’d on Inda’s glist’ring height.

* The place of punishment for the wicked.

O D E III.

D I A L O G U E

AT THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR*.

Hervor repairs to the Tomb of her Father Argantyr, at the dead of Night, and invokes his Spirit to deliver up the Magical Sword Trifingus, which was buried with him.

H E R V O R.

THY daughter calls : Argantyr, break
 The bonds of death ; she calls, awake :
 Reach me forth the temper'd blade
 Beneath thy dusty pillow laid,
 Which once a scepter'd warrior bore,
 Forg'd by dwarfs † in years of yore.
 Where are the sons of Angrim fled ?
 Mingled with the valiant dead.
 From under twisted roots of oak
 Blasted by the thunder's stroke,

* See Hickes's Thesaurus Septentrional. Vol. I.

† Dwarfs or *Nani*, in the northern sense, answer to Cyclops. *Hickes's Thes.*

Arise, arise, ye men of blood,
 Ye who prepar'd the Vulture's food;
 Give me the sword and studded * belt,
 Armies whole their force have felt;
 Or grant my pray'r, or mould'ring rot,
 Your name your deeds alike forgot;
 Argantyr, rouse thee from thy rest;
 'Tis an only child's request.

A R G A N T Y R.

Daughter, I hear the magic sound,
 That wakes the tenants of the ground:
 Why call'st thou thus? What dire intent
 Is within thy bosom pent?
 No friendly hand, no parent, gave
 My bones to rest in hallow'd grave;
 To me no sacred rite was paid;
 Here by barb'rous hands convey'd,
 In this mansion cold, forlorn,
 My gloomy ghost shall ever mourn.
 Think not by unceasing pray'r
 Hence the charmed sword to bear;
 For know, above in realms of light,
 Trifingus is another's right.

* ——— *Apparuit ingens*

Balteus, et notis fulserunt singula bullis. VIRG.

H E R V O R.

Ha! my fire, what words accurst
Have from the lip of falsehood burst?
Thou know'st with thee in darkness laid
Sleeps the consecrated blade:
Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r:
Canst thou thus, with tongue unblest,
Deny an only child's request?

A R G A N T Y R.

With awe my words prophetic hear;
Hervor, 'tis for thee I fear:
The fates have seal'd thy offsprings' doom †;
Trifingus brings them to the tomb.

H E R V O R.

Talk not to me of future times;
I swear, by force of magic rhymes,
Repose the dead shall know no more,
'Till thou the gifted sword restore.

A R G A N T Y R.

Maid, thy warlike soul I bless,
Who roav'st by night in armed dress,
With spell-wrought helmet, iron proof,
And garments wove in mystic woof;

† Argantyr here prophecies the death of the future sons
of his yet virgin daughter, Hervor.

Who dar'st in thrilling accents call
The dead from their sepulchral hall.

HERVOR.

No more this idle converse hold ;
Once I thought thy spirit bold :
Give me forth the radiant brand * ;
Hear, and grant my just demand.
Let it's strength again be try'd,
'Twas not made below to 'bide,
Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

ARGANTYR.

Here within the fated sheath,
Hialmar's ruin lies beneath,
Wrapt in its own terrific flame ;
What maid but trembles at the name ?

HERVOR.

I tremble not—the flame, tho' bright,
Is but ineffectual light,
That plays around the buried corse,
With meteor glare devoid of force:
I'll grasp the sword in terror drest ;
Grant an only child's request.

* Wav'd over by that flaming brand. MILT. P. L. b. 12.

ARGANTYR.

A R G A N T Y R.

Rash Virgin, to thy pray'r I yield :
Lo ! Trifingus stands reveal'd * !
Blazing like the noon-day Sun—

H E R V O R.

King of men, 'tis nobly done :
This blade with rapt'rous joy I own
A greater gift than Norway's throne.

A R G A N T Y R.

Fond exulting daughter, know
These transports work thee lasting woe ;
By the keen edge ('tis thus decreed)
Thy sons, e'en Hydreks' self, shall bleed.

H E R V O R.

I must to my ships repair ;
'Tis nought to me ; be that their care ;
If in the purple fount of life
They steep the steel in mortal strife,
By no ignoble stroke they fall,
And sink with joy to Odin's hall.

A R G A N T Y R.

Hie thee hence from death's domain,
With rev'rence keep Hialmar's bane ;

* Here the sword is delivered to Hervor from the tomb.

Touch but the blade, a warrior dies,
 On either edge quick poison lies :
 Thou art of a race divine,
 Take the gift the gods assign.

H E R V O R.

Never shall Trifingus sleep,
 But move with desolating sweep ;
 Never fear invade my breast,
 Nor dying sons my peace molest ;
 If by 'Trifingus' stroke they fall,
 They sink with joy to Odin's hall.

A R G A N T Y R.

Hark, e'en now with fullen moan
 Victims twelve beneath thee groan :
 Armed in paternal might
 Go forth, my child, and dare the fight ;
 Angrim's portion'd wealth is thine ;
 Take the gift the gods assign.

H E R V O R.

Now, in the silence of the tomb,
 Dwell undisturb'd till final doom :
 I must tread my destin'd road,
 And speed me from this drear abode ;
 For here, as still my steps I turn,
 Flaky fires around me burn.

O D E IV.

T U D O R*.

FILL the horn of glossy blue,
 Ocean's bright cærulean hue;
 Briskly quaff the flav'rous mead,
 'Tis a day to joy decreed.
 Strike the harp's symphonious string,
 Tudor none refuse to sing;
 Ne'er shall he belie his birth,
 Valour his, and conscious worth.

Have you seen the virgin snow
 That tops old Aran's peering brow;
 Or lucid web, by insect spun,
 Purpureal gleam in summer sun?
 With such, yet far diviner, light
 Malvina hits the dazzled sight;
 The guerdon such, can Tudor's breast
 Dare to court ignoble rest?

From the cliff sublime and hoary
 See descending martial glory;

* See Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Bards.

Armed bands aloft uprear
 Crimson banner, crimson spear ;
 Venodotia's ancient boast
 Meets the pride of London's host ;
 On they move with step serene,
 And form a dreadly pleasing scene.

Heard you that terrific clang ?
 Thro' the pathless void it rang :
 Th' expecting raven screams afar,
 And snuffs the reeking spoils of war.
 Have you e'er on barren strand
 Ta'en your solitary stand,
 And seen the whirlwind's spirit sped
 O'er the dark-green billowy bed ?
 Glowing in the thickest fight,
 Such resistless Tudor's might.

O D E V.

AN INCANTATION

FOUNDED ON

THE NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

HEAR, ye Rulers of the North,
 Spirits of exalted worth ;
 By the silence of the night,
 By subtle magic's secret rite ;
 By Pèolphan murky King,
 Master of th' enchanted ring ;
 By all and each of hell's grim host
 Howling demon, tortur'd ghost ;
 By each spell and potent word
 Burst from lips of Glauron's Lord ;
 By Coronzon's awful power ;
 By the dread and solemn hour,
 When Gual fierce, and Damael strong,
 Stride the blast that roars along ;
 Or in fell descending swoop,
 Bid the furious spirit stoop
 O'er desolation's gloomy plain,
 Haunt of warriors battle-slain.

Now the world in sleep is laid,
 THORBIORGA calls your aid.

Mark the fable feline coat,
 Spotted girdle velvet-wrought ;
 Mark the skin of glistening snake,
 Sleeping seiz'd in forest brake ;
 Mark the radiant chrystal stone,
 On which day's Sovereign never shone,
 From the cavern dark and deep
 Digg'd i'th' hour of mortal sleep ;
 Mark the cross, in mystic round
 Meetly o'er the sandal bound,
 And the symbols grav'd thereon,
 Holiest Tetragrammaton !
 Now while midnight torches gleam,
 Rivals of the Moon's pale beam,
 On ocean's unfrequented shore
 Some moss-grown ruin silverying o'er.
 While the flame of refinous fire
 Mounts aloft in curling spire ;
 I scatter round this charmed room,
 The fragrance of the myrrh's perfume ;
 And bending o'er this consecrated sword,
 Confirm each murmur'd spell, each inly-thrill-
 ling word.

It was thought proper to subjoin the literal Translations of the Originals of the three first Odes, as the Books whence they are taken are rather scarce.

O D E I.

CREPUSCULUM DEORUM,

S E U

INTERITUS MUNDI.

BARTHOL. L. II. C. 14.

Hrymr ekr auðan, &c.

HRYMUS (gigas quidam) ab ortu
aurigat;
Intumescit mare:
Volutat se Iormungandus (anguis
terram ambire creditus)
Furore giganteo.
Anguis maria movet;
Aquila vero clangit,
Dilaniat cadavera lurido rostro.
Nafglar (navis) solvitur.

Navis ab ortu venit;
Aderunt Muspelli,
Per mare incolæ;
Lokus vero gubernat.
Incedunt furentes populi,
Cum lupo omnes;
Illiscum frater
Beleipi prodit.

Quid novi apud Deos geritur?
Quid apud Genios?
Fragore personat totus gigantum
mundus.
Dii in foro versantur:
Gemunt nani
Ante lapidearum habitationum ostia,
Lapideorum meatuum gnari;
Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

Surtur ab Austro prodit,
Igne comitante;
Radiat Solis instar, ensis
Deorum bellacium.
Saxa ruinam minantur:
Foeminae giganteæ vagantur;
Calcant viam Helæ:
Diffunditur Cælum.

Tunc evenit Hlinæ
Dolor secundus;
Quando Odinus prodit
Ad dimicandum cum lupo;
Occisorque Belæ,
Candidus cum furto:
Tum Friggæ
Cadet maritus.

Tum prodit magnus
Filius Odini,
Vidarus, ut pugnet
Cum stragis animali (lupo.)
Curat sobolis giganteæ
Insistere
Gladium cordi:
Tum patris mortem ulciscitur.

Tum prodit magnus
Filius Lodinæ;

Incedit Odini filius
 Ut cum lupo (seu fratre lûpi Iormun-
 gando) di-nicet;
 Magnâ audaciâ
 Occidit midgardicum anguem.
 Viri omnes
 E mundo evacuabuntur.

Latrat Garmus valde
 Ante Guipense antrum;
 Rumpentur Catenæ,
 Et proruet lupo.
 Progreditur passus novem

Fyorginæ proles,
 Tristis ab angue
 Mala facere non timido.

Nigrescit Sol:
 Immergitur mari Tellus;
 Disparefcunt e Cœlo
 Serenæ Stellæ:
 Sævit ignis
 Sub sæculi extremitatem;
 Lambit ascendens flamma
 Ipsum Cœlum.

O D E II.

NOVI MUNDI EXORTUS.

BARTHOLINUS UT SUP.

Ser hon uppkoma, &c.

VIDET illa emergere
 Alterâ vice
 Terram e mari
 Valdè viridem;
 Labuntur aquæ;
 Supervolat aquila,
 Quæ in montibus
 Pisces capit.

Conveniunt Dii
 In Idæ * campo;
 Et de dirutis habitaculis
 Validis loquuntur:
 Ibique mentionem faciunt
 Magnorum colloquiorum,
 Et Odini
 Antiquorum sermonum.

" Ibi deinde
 " Mirabiles orbes
 " Deaurati aleatorii
 " In gramine invenientur,
 " Quos olim possederant
 " Rector deorum,
 " Et Odini progenies."

* Idæ. V. Lest.

Ferent non sati
 Agri fructum:
 Adversa quævis cessent;
 Aderit Balderus.
 Incolent Balderus et Hodus
 Odini dirutas ædes,
 Bene bellaces Dii.
 Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur ?

Domum stare videt
 Sole clariorem,
 Auro testam
 In Gimli;
 Ibi probi
 Populi habitabunt,
 Et per sæcula
 Caudio fruentur.

Tum prodit potens ille,
 Instante divino iudicio,
 Validus e supernis
 Qui omnia regit;
 Hic sentiam fert,
 Et causas dirimit,
 Sacra fata statuit,
 Quæ durabunt.

" Advenit

" Advenit fuscus
 " Draco volans,
 " Anguis asper, ab imis
 " Nidensibus montibus;
 " Pennis fuis fertur;
 " Pervolat campum
 " Nidhoggus mortuorum.
 " Nunc illa terra absorbetur."

Domum stare videt
 A sole remotam
 In Nastronda †;
 Fores boream spectant;
 Diffillant veneni guttæ
 Intro per fenestras:

Hæc contexta est domus
 Spinis serpentinis.

Ibi vadare videt
 Rapida fluenta
 Viros perjuros,
 Et nefarios,
 Et qui alterius vellicant
 Aurem conjugis.
 " Rodebat ibi Nidhoggus cadavera;
 " Laniavit lupus viros.
 Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

N. B. The lines marked thus " are
 omitted in the imitation.

† The Gothic Hell is termed Nifheim. In Goranson's Latin version of the Edda, Hist. 1ma, is the following passage, " In medio Nifhemii est fons nomine Hvergelmer. Hinc profluunt amnes hinc celebrati nominibus Angor, Gaudii Remora, mortis Habitatio, Celerrima Perditio et Vetusta, Vagina, Procella Sæva, Vorago, Stridor et Ululatus, Late Emanans, Vehementer Fremens, portas inferni alluit. — This is evidently the Platonis Inferno in Virgil.

O D E III.

Metro haud multum dissimili carmina sua scripsit Scaldus ille, auctor libri, cui titulus HERVARER SAGA (quem edidit cl. Olaus Verelius) ut constat ex dialogo illo inter Hervaram et Argantyr patris sui manes, à quo ad tumultum stans, ut Trifingum gladium cum eo sepultum daret, rogat.

HERVOR.

WAFNADU ARGANTYR, &c.

HERVOR.

AWAKE, Argantyr; Hervor, the only daughter of thee and Suafu doth awaken thee. Give me out of the tomb the hardened sword which the dwarfs made for Suafurlama. Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Argantyr, with helmet and coat of mail, and a sharp sword: with shield and accoutrements, and bloody spear, I wake you all under the roots of

trees. Are the sons of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, now become dust and ashes? Can none of Eyvor's sons now speak with me, out of the habitations of the dead? Harvardur, Hiorvardur! So may you all be within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up to putrify among insects, unless you deliver me the sword which the dwarfs made, and the glorious belt!

ARGANTYR.

ARGANTYR.

Daughter Hervor, full of spells to raise the dead, why dost thou call to? Wilt thou run on to thy own mischief? Thou art mad, and out of thy senses, who art desperately resolved to waken dead men. I was not buried either by father, or other friends. Two which lived after me, got Tirsing, one of whom is now possessor thereof.

HERVOR.

Thou dost not tell the truth: So let Odin hide thee in the tomb, as thou hast Tirsing by thee. Art thou unwilling, Argantyr, to give an inheritance to thy only child?

ARGANTYR.

I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to pass: this Tirsing, will, if thou dost believe me, destroy almost all thy offspring. Thou shalt have a son, who afterwards must possess Tirsing, and many think that he will be called Heidrek by the people.

HERVOR.

I do by enchantments make, that the dead shall never enjoy rest, unless Argantyr deliver me Tirsing.

ARGANTYR.

Young maid, I say thou art of manlike courage, who dost rove about by night to tombs, with spear engraved with magical spells, with helmet, and coat of mail, before the door of our hall.

HERVOR.

I took thee for a brave man, before I found out your hall. Give me out of the tomb the workmanship of the dwarfs, which hates all coats of mail; it is not good for thee to hide it.

ARGANTYR.

The death of Hjalmar lies under my shoulders; it is all wrapt up in fire: I know no maid in any country, that dares this sword take in hand.

HERVOR.

I shall keep, and take in my hand the sharp sword, if I may obtain it. I do not think that fire will burn, which plays about the fight of deceased men.

ARGANTYR.

O conceited Hervor, thou art mad. Rather than thou in a moment shouldest fall into the fire, I will give thee the sword out of the tomb, young maid, and not hide it from thee.

HERVOR.

Thou dost well, thou offspring of Heroes, that thou didst send me the sword out of the tomb. I am now better pleased, O Prince! to have it, than if I got all Norway.

ARGANTYR.

False woman, thou dost not understand, that thou speakest foolishly of that in which thou dost rejoice. For Tirsing shall, if thou wilt believe me, maid, destroy all thy offspring.

HERVOR.

I must go to my seamen. Here I have no mind to stay longer. Little do I care O Royal Friend! what my sons hereafter quarrel about.

ARGANTYR.

Take and keep Hjalmar's bane, which thou shalt long have and enjoy. Touch but the edges of it, there is poison in both of them: it is a most cruel devourer of men.

HERVOR

HERVOR.

I shall keep, and take in hand, the
sharp sword which thou hast let me
have: I do not fear, O slain Father!
what my sons hereafter may quarrel
about.

ARGANTYR.

Farewell, daughter! I do quickly
give thee twelve men's death; if thou
canst believe with might and courage;

even all the goods that Andgryn's
sons left behind them.

HERVOR.

Dwell all of you safe in the tomb.
I must begone and hasten hence, for
I seem to be in the midst of a place
where fire burns round about me.

Hickes's Thesaurus Septentrionalis,
Vol I. page 193.

O D E V.

This is not a regular Imitation of any particular Poem in Mr.
Evans's Specimens; but the following Passages, in differ-
ent Parts of them, are alluded to in this short Monostro-
phic Ode.

"O CUP-BEARER! fetch the
horn that we may drink toge-
ther, whose gloss is like the wave of
the sea: bring the best meath —

"I have composed with great stu-
dy and pains, thy praise, O thou,
that shinest like the new-fallen snow
of the brow of Aran:—Thou that

shinest like the fine spider's webs on
the grass in a summer's day.—

"The army at Offa's dike panted
for glory, the troops of Venodotia,
and the men of London.—

"He puts numerous troops of his
enemies to flight like a mighty
wind."——

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